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RICHMOND.

A

V I S I O N.

By a L O D G E R.



L O N D O N:

Printed for CHARLES CORBETT, in *Fleet-street*.

[Price Six-pence.]

RICHMOND.

VOLUME



BRITISH MUSEUM

1800

Printed by J. G. Smith, in the Strand.



RICHMOND.



N that soft Season, when the blushing Rose
Cheer'd by the Sun's invigorating Ray
Begins it's fragrant Beauties to disclose,
And all Things own the genial Pow'r of *May*:
When Sleep had lock'd each careless Limb in rest,
And only Fancy waking, gently strove
To drive each fiercer Passion from my Breast,
Ambition, Envy, Jealousy and Love;

In thought along *Thames* winding Shore I stray'd
Amid the verdant Scenes of silent *Ham*;
Where on the Margin of the Stream was laid
Beneath a spreading Elm, a mourning Dame.
Before her Feet a Cyprus Wreath was thrown,
Her Hair, neglected and dishevel'd hung;
Her Eyes suffus'd with Tears still faintly shone,
And plaintive Accents trembled on her Tongue.

I saw,

I saw, I wonder'd, and with awe drew near,
 When gently raising her dejected Head
 She wav'd her Hand, Approach, my Son, nor fear
 To hear the Story of my Woes, she said.
 See'st thou, yon lofty Hill's extended Side,
 Whose waving Top o'erlocks the ample Plain?
 (Whence, erst more happy, I beheld with Pride
 An hundred Villas grace my wide Domain)

There long embowr'd the Dryad of these Woods
 I saw my Lawns extend, my Forests rise,
 While *Thames* rowl'd pleas'd his tributary Floods
 And Nature strove with Art to please my Eyes.
 Here lawrell'd Valour found a Place of rest,
 Here hoary Statesmen sought the peaceful Grove,
 Here tender Passions warm'd each youthful Breast,
 And Nuptial Virtue was the Meed of Love.

And shall these Scenes polluted Pleasures hide,
 Shall Rapine here conceal its hated Head,
 Shall the proud Gamester here in Triumph ride,
 And the pale Coward boast of Fields he fled!
 No more the Soldier feels a gen'rous Heat,
 His Country's Groans no more the Statesman move,
 Ev'n Pride can stoop to league with mean Deceit,
 And frighted Virtue flies the Name of Love.

When royal *Richmond* fleth'd from *Bosworth's* Field
 Had sheath'd the Sword of civil Rage in Peace,
 With me He hung his consecrated Shield,
 And hop'd to rest in not inglorious Ease,

Alike

Alike in Council as in Arms rever'd,
 Severe in Justice as in Manners plain,
 Thro' rough Rebellion's Storms secure he steer'd,
 And growing Arts adorn'd his rising Reign.

When great *Eliza* fill'd *Britannia's* Throne;
 And *Spain* with Terror heard her from afar,
 She forc'd the boasting Pride of Man to own
 Wisdom and Courage might become the Fair.
 Form'd by her Manners, each attendant Maid
 Thought Modesty the Dress of Woman-kind;
 To comely Neatness due Observance paid,
 But labour'd only to adorn the Mind.

When frolick *Charles* to *Windsor's* regal Scite
 Transfer'd the Scenes of Luxury and Love,
 I envy'd not the Monarchs loose Delight,
 For *Temple* studied in my sacred Grove.
 There, whether *Europe's* Fate requir'd his Aid,
 Or milder Labours eas'd his civil Care;
 Retir'd from Noise He met th' *Athenian* Maid,
 And ev'ry Muse, and ev'ry Grace was there.

But where are all these boasted Glories now?
 Where Arts, where Learning, Modesty and Truth;
 See Spleen and Av'rice mark each Aged Brow,
 See frontless Impudence the Badge of Youth.
 No ****'s Example makes the Subject wise,
 No Laws restrain the Bad, protect the Good;
 The num'rous Guilty join to shelter Vice,
 And vaunting Folly pours her whelming Flood.

Thro'

Thro' Pleasure's Maze the beardless Stripling flies
 Or sinks supine in useless Indolence;
 Too proud to learn, too empty to be wise,
 He screens in Laughter the Defects of Sense.
 If haply Beauty deck the Virgin's Face,
 Her wanton forward Mien, her vain Attire
 Defeat the Passion she attempts to raise,
 And check the Transports which her Eyes inspire.

Incens'd, not warn'd by Beauty's frail decay
 The waning Matron seeks the Aid of Art;
 In awkward Affectation vainly Gay
 Still hopes new Conquests, still would fire the Heart.
 Or pale o'er Midnight Lamps, where discord reigns,
 She sits attentive on the various Game.
 While Fraud and Malice shake their galling Chains,
 And rankling Scandal blasts the fairest Fame.

But *Jove* no longer bears the Guilty Scene,
 The lifted Bolt already fills his Hand;
 His Brow midst mingled Terrors still Serene
 Determines Vengeance on this fated Land.
 She said — loud Thunder shook the trembling Ground,
 Swift thro' the murky Air the Light'nings gleam,
 Amaz'd I started at the solemn Sound;
 And dread the fate portended by a Dream.

F I N I S.

